
Title: THE KEEPER OF SECRETS

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As my life progresses
it is harder and
harder for me to
recall the events that
outline my distant
past. I can remember
the farm on which I
grew up on. We had
only a few acres of
land on the outskirts
of Britain but it was
enough for me and
my father to live off
of. My mother had
died as she lead me
into this cursed
domain in where we
live. On the farm we
hadn't a horse to do the
plowing so I did it all
by hand. We had a
happy christian home.
That is, untill the
season of the frost
came one year. It was
early Autumn when it
struck and we had yet
to harvest the full
harvest. I was
working over time
because my father
had been struck by
the illness of the
frost. A disease for
which there was no
cure. I worked hard to
get the food for us and
to keep my father
well, but he kept
slipping further and
further away from
me and our life.

One day when I was
in our potatoe portion
of our garden a knight
strode up. He was
dressed in deep
bronze armor and

beared the emblem of
a LION. He walked
into our home and stole
our daily pickings and
our mornings soup.
When my father
comfronted him he
was delt such a blow
that he was thrown
half way across the
den. He got up are
crippled and leg
bleeding. He had an
object in his hand. He
had drawn it from
under the bed. It was
a sword, a
magnificent
sword! With this he
thrusted it at the
Knight and with great
ease slayed him. As I
watched in disbeleaf I
relized that my
father wasn't a poor
peasent farmer but a
heroic warrior. I was
so proud of him. I can
remember me
embracing him and
laughing. Ah, the good
years. Life was hard
but, the good moments
we had were
cherished . We sat
there he began to
speak. " Son we have
commited high
treason. This is on of
the knights of the
Order,under Lord
British's command.
We must leave this
place or be burned at
the stake." So we
gathered up what we
could and I tried to
make the best of
everything, but I
couldn't. Where would
we go? Where would
we live? We traveled
long and hard. Winter
was setting in and it
was cold. Death was
around us and my
father's arm had
become useless and

gangreened. The frost
killed everything in
its path and there was
little to eat. What we
had my father
sacrificed to me. Upon
the coming of the new
year my father had
died, I was 13... As
time progressed I
became a wanderer, a
mercenary, a waiter,
and a servant. I did
what I had to do to
survive. Upon my 23
year I found an old
man near the shores
of Vesper. Here he
taught me the ways of
the sword and of
combat. I took what I
needed of him, but when
I surpassed him in
skill I slayed him. In
doing this I realized
how savage and brutal
I had become. I was a
man with a clouded
heart, and a blackened
soul. No longer would
I serve the ways of
virtue, but work
against them. I am
now 27, I have
stumbled upon a
cult, The Cult of
Infernal Necromancy.

With much work and
dedication I earned my
new master Lord
Smogg, and his love
Remisance's trust and
was recruited into the
guild. This is the
only place where I
have felt as though I
belong. It is like a part
of me was here all
along. This is where I
belong, and this is
where I will stay.
Long live the Cult and
our evil ways...